

sions,—and the foods which  
 they sell  
 are shadows. They only  
 deceive your  
 hunger, but do not satisfy.  
 Come  
 away from here, child, come  
 away.

*Vasanti*

But, father, they seem so  
 happy in  
 this world. Can we not watch  
 them  
 from the roadside ?

*Sanyasi*

Alas, they do not  
 understand. They  
 cannot see that this world is  
 death  
 spread out to eternity,—It dies  
 every  
 moment, yet never comes to  
 the end.  
 —And we, the creatures of this  
 world,  
 live by feeding upon death.

*Vasanti*

Father, you frighten me.

*(Enters a TRAVELLER,)*

*Traveller*

Can I get a shelter near this  
 place ?